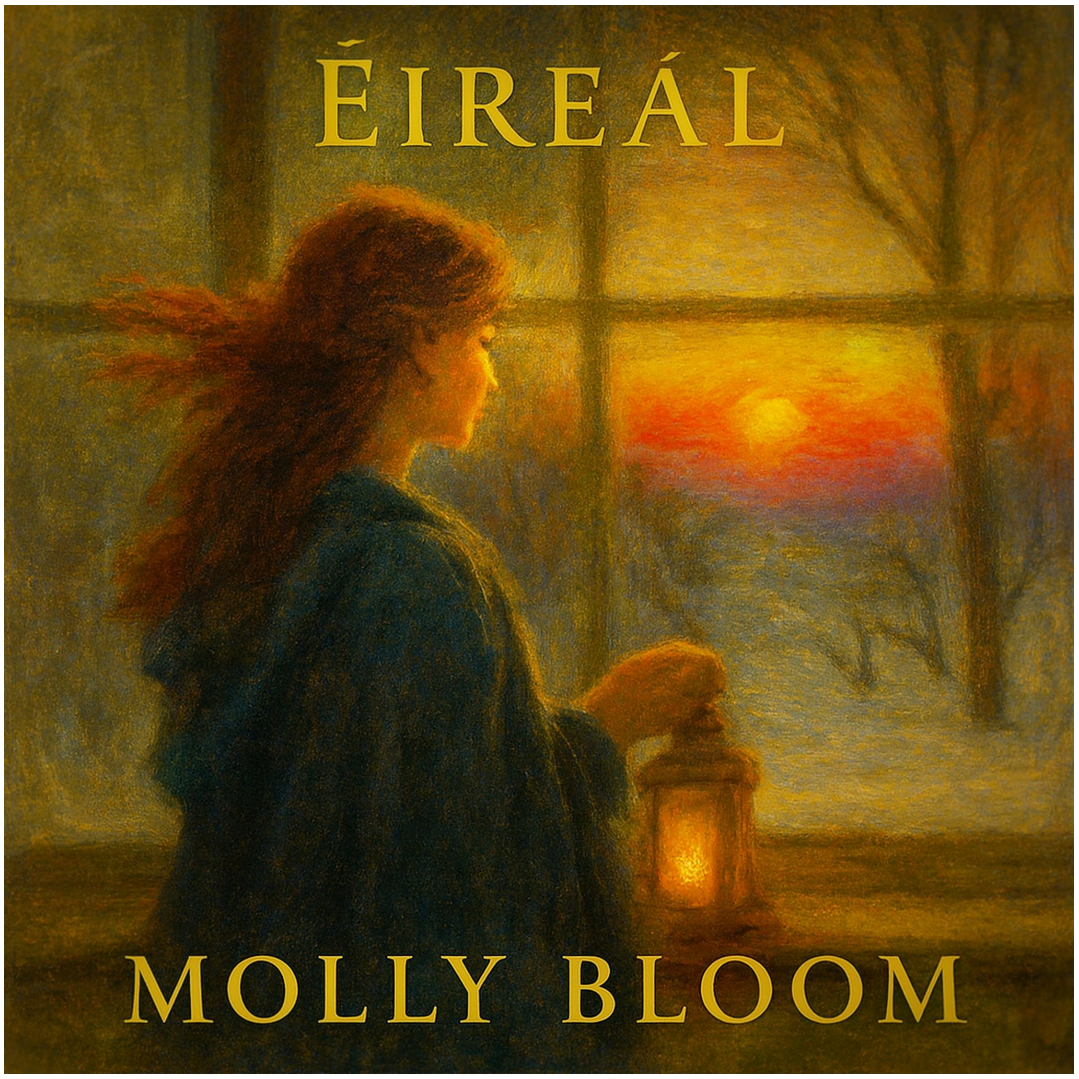

Creator Owen Brennan's Notes — Éireál - Molly Bloom - 4 track ep,

I have carried Molly Bloom with me for years — not the shadow cast by other voices, but the woman herself. The pulse beneath the lace. The warmth beneath the wit. The colour, the ache, the sudden laughter, the quiet sadness that sits beside the fire. She has always felt to me like someone half-remembered from a dream: passionate, thoughtful, a little wild, a little weary, but endlessly alive. A fusion of Mediterranean passion and Irish tenderness.

These songs are the way I learned to speak to her.

In this cycle, Molly steps out of the margins and into her own weather — Gibraltar heat, Dublin rain, the hush of morning light, the long breath before a whispered yes. I wanted to show her as I've always seen her: rounded, human, contradictory, radiant. A woman stitched from memory and sea-salt, from longing and domestic ritual, from the small truths that make a life.

This EP is not an adaptation.
It is an offering. A remembering.
A way of saying: *She was always more than the final word ....* She was a world.

The sun shines for you, he said
The day we were lying there
The sea... the sea, crimson
Sometimes like fire in the air
And the perfume of your kisses
A ghost upon my skin
How my heart it leaped
Then, a world away... from where I begin

I was a Flower of the mountain, yes
Where the wind would sing my name
Now the petals are a memory
Fading in the Dublin rain
Just a girl from Gibraltar
With the sky and sea so wide
With the wild flowers growing
And nothing to hide
And the oranges... the citrons

The smell of them in the heat
And the way you looked at me
Oh, it was so bittersweet
A promise in your eyes
A language I knew by heart
Before the world grew crowded
Before we drifted apart

(Chorus)
I was a Flower of the mountain, yes
Where the wind would sing my name
Now the petals are a memory
Fading in the Dublin rain
Just a girl from Gibraltar
With the sky and sea so wide
With the wild flowers growing
And nothing to hide

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Song Notes - by Owen Brennan - artist Éireál

A song of memory and longing, Flower of the Mountain traces Molly Bloom's sensual past - from crimson seas and citrus heat to the quiet ache of Dublin rain. Inspired by her soliloquy in Ulysses, this song reimagines Molly not as muse, but as voice: a girl from Gibraltar with wild flowers in her hair and nothing to hide.

The music blends acoustic folk with Mediterranean warmth - fingerstyle guitar, gentle fiddle, and Éireál's radiant vocals. It's a tribute to Molly's "Yes," her wind-swept freedom, and the bittersweet promise of love remembered.

"I was a Flower of the mountain, yes / Where the wind would sing my name..."

The sun shines for you, Molly
Even now, through the lace
It finds your shoulder in the morning
And the hush upon your face
You never asked for glory
Just a garden and a kiss
And the way he said your name
Like it was made of mist

The Spanish girls wore ribbons
You wore salt and wind
They danced in velvet evenings
You kept the ache within
But still you watched them laughing
From the steps above the quay
And whispered to the sea
That you were once that free
Flower of the forest

Blooming in a bed of thread
You stitched your name in silence
And the things you never said
He asked you once for virtue
You gave him breath and skin
And the yes that stayed forever
Though the world was wearing thin

Yes, you said it softly
Yes, before he asked
Yes, like folding laundry
Yes, like breaking fast
Yes, like tea and laughter
Yes, like sheets and wine
Yes, like every morning
That you chose to rise and shine

Yes
Yes
Yes…

© Owen Brennan 2025

Song notes - Owen Brennan - artist Éireál

This is the second track in my 4 track EP Molly Bloom.
The music chosen is a fusion of Mediterranean warmth and Irish folk tenderness, The Sun Shines for You drifts between sea-salt memory and quiet domestic devotion. Éireál traces Molly Bloom's inner weather with strings that shimmer like Spanish dusk and pipes that carry the ache of the Dublin coast. The song follows Molly not as a mythic figure but as a woman who wanted morning more than glory - lace that breathes, a garden, a name spoken softly.
As Mediterranean rhythms mingle with Irish melodic lilt, the track moves from youthful longing on the quay to the intimate, everyday "yes" that shaped her life. It's a hymn to ordinary radiance: the sun on a shoulder, the hush of a room, the small rituals that become a kind of devotion. In this EP's cycle, it stands as Molly's quiet awakening - a remembering, a soft reclaiming, a rising into her own light.

Moonlight through the blind
Stitches on the pillowcase
He left his shirt behind .. Again
I counted seventeen breaths
Before the clock struck three
And still I couldn't sleep .. For thinking

That boy on Dún Laoghaire pier
Held my hand like it might break
Said I was made of summer air
But I was made of cake -
and tea and dirty sheets
And laughter in the hall
And yes - yes - I remember
When the garden looked so small
He asked me once what I believed

I told him not to preach
The only truth I need's the one
that keeps me in his reach
Not churches, not the stars
Just skin and breath and wine
and him coming up the stairs
With that look in his eyes

I said yes ...
I said yes ...
I said yes ... before he even asked
Because the world's a spinning door
And love's the only task
That makes the laundry worth the fold
The fire worth the flame
The silence worth the keeping
When you're lying .. side by side

So let the neighbours talk
Let priests draw their thin lines
I'll take the messy truth
Over their polished signs
Of virtue, of restraint
Of all they'll never know
The way a body answers
When it's ready to say yes
Yes .... Yes

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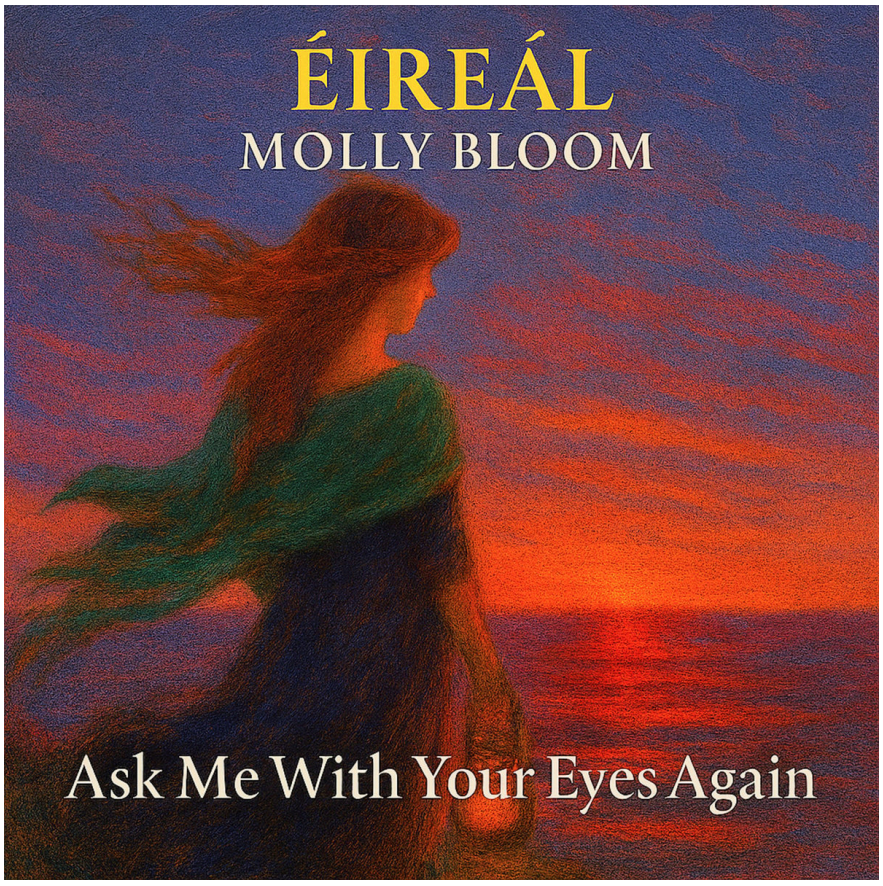
Song notes - Owen Brennan - artist Éireál

A whispered soliloquy, Yes, I Said Yes traces the quiet rituals of love, memory, and defiance. Inspired by Molly Bloom's final breath in Ulysses, the song unfolds like a scroll - moonlight on linen, tea in the kitchen, laughter in the hall. It's a hymn to the body's truth, the kind that resists polished signs and priestly restraint.
From Dún Laoghaire pier to the hush of a shared bed, each verse braids domestic detail with mythic weight. The garden shrinks, the laundry folds, and seventeen breaths stretch toward morning. Love here is not declared - it's answered, before the question even lands.
This track is part of Éireál's Molly cycle, a seasonal offering in the mythstream. It's for those who believe in messy truths, spinning doors, and the kind of yes that stays.



His hand on my skin
A question in the dark
The wild ocean in his eyes
A single, steady spark
Ask me with your eyes again
Like you did that long-ago day
And I'll meet you in the silence
Where the words have no say

And the world outside this room
Just fades away to grey
All the noise, all the doubt
All the yesterdays
And I feel your heart against me
A frantic, steady drum
Pulling me back under
To where we come from

And I said yes
Let the world turn on
I said yes
From dusk until the dawn
And his heart was going like mad
And yes, I said yes, I will Yes

So let them talk and wonder
Let them have their say
They don't know the language
We speak when we're this way
It's a language of the body
Of the breath and of the bone
A truth that needs no other
A king upon a throne

And I said yes
Let the world turn on
I said yes
From dusk until the dawn
And his heart was going like mad
And yes, I said yes, I will Yes

Yes...
I will Yes... ***(Whispered, intimate)***
...my mountain flower...
...and I said yes.
...Yes. **© Owen Brennan 2025**

Song Notes - Owen Brennan - artist Éireál

A piano ballad of breath and bone, Ask Me With Your Eyes Again is Éireál's whispered tribute to the language beneath language - the gaze that asks, the silence that answers. Inspired by the final soliloquy of Molly Bloom, the song traces the moment when time folds inward and love speaks without words.

Written and produced by Owen Brennan, with AI collaboration. It's a song of return: to the room where the world fades to grey, to the frantic drum of the heart, to the long-ago day when "Yes" became a vow.

The lyrics move like a scroll - each verse a fragment of mythic memory, each chorus a breath-held affirmation. The whispered outro, "...my mountain flower...", seals the offering with intimate reverence.

This is not just a song. It's a ritual of remembering. A truth spoken in the language of the body. A king upon a throne. And always, always - Yes.